TWO EXCELLENT NEW 47

SONGS,

THE MERRY SAILOR.

AND

The Sleepy Merchant.

PRINTED THIS PRESENT YEAR.

THE MERRY SAILOR.

A Sailor walking through the fields,
to ſee what pleaſure ſummer yeilds;
Where he ſpied a fair maid was buſy working,
and raking of her maſters hay.

I ſaid, fair maid, lay down your rake,
and go with me to yonder wake:
If I would leave my maſters hay,
he'd give me no wages, and turn me away.

With ſweet compliments they both went,
this fair maid gave him full concent;
Caſt off her gown, laid by her rake,
and went with her ſailor to yonder wake.

When they were at yonder wake,
he treated her with ſweet wine and cake,
He bought her ribands, rings, and gloves,
and ſoon he gaind this fair maids love.

When twenty weeks were gone and paſt,
her red roſy cheeks was pale and wan,

BRITISH MUSEUM 26 AUG 46

She curs'd the hour likewiſe the day,
ſhe went with the ſailor to yonder wake.
When forty weeks were gone and paſt,
with coral cheeks as red as a roſe,
She bliſs'd the hour likewiſe the day,
ſhe went with the ſailor to yonder wake.

Here's health to all thoſe holland ſmoks,
red roſy cheeks and curley locks,
And all the laſſies that lys with a ſailor,
and is never never affraid of a ſailor's looks.

The ſleepy Merchant.

THERE came a Merchant to this town,
O he was a merry lown,
And at the door as he ſtood dound,
He chapped and came in.
And he called for a bonny laſs,
A bonny laſs, a bonny laſs,
He did call for a bonny laſs,
he would not ly his lane.
He offered me a purſe of gold,
And a ring of pure gold,

And the money untold,
To ly with him till day;
For he was a merry Merchant,
He was a merry Merchant,
He was a merry Merchant,
He would not ly his lane.
So when the bed it was well made,
And the Merchant in it laid,
A dram for him ſhe did provide,
Bad him drink it and ly down;
And O the merry Merchant,
He was a merry Merchant,
He was a merry Merchant,
That would not ly his lane.
So when the ſun it was well up,
The laſſie ſtarted to her foot,
O ſays ſhe I am a maiden yet,
As weal as when I lay down,
Ye are but o ſleepy Merchant,
Ye are but a ſleepy Merchant,
And might have lyen your lane.
The Merchant roſe and looked down,
O ſays he I have ſleeped ſound,
I wiſh I have not gotten wrong,
Since I lay down the ſtreen;
O the ſleepy Merchant,
O the ſleepy Merchant,

He was a ſleepy Merchant,
And might have lyen his lane.

But he flew into a paſſion,
And ſaid it was the faſſion,
In his country at hame,
That laſſies ly with Merchant lads,
And roſe up maids again.
But when the breakfaſt it was by,
Farewell to her as he could ſay,
But I'll come back again.
And O the ſleepy Merchant,
And hey the ſleepy merchant,
He was a ſleepy Merchant,
That could not ly his lane.
So when the market it was o'er,
To the ſame houſe he did repair,
And at the door as he ſtood bound,
He chapped and came in;
And he called for his bonny laſs,
His bonny laſs, his bonny laſs,
That he lay with yeſtreen.
Again the bed it was well made,
And the Merchant in it laid,
A drink for him ſhe did provide,
A drink for him ſhe did provide,
Bad him drink it and ly down,

For ye are the ſleepy Merchant,
For ye are the ſleepy Merchant,
For ye are the ſleepy Merchant,
And cannot ly your lane;
But between the bow ſtet and the wall,
I wat he quickly teem'd it all,
I wat he quickly teem'd it all,
And then began and ſang,
Come to your bed my bonny laſs,
Come to your bed my bonny laſs,
Come to your bed my bonny laſs,
I cannot ly my lane.
But lang before the break of day,
Right kindly to him ſhe did ſay,
Right kindly to him ſhe did ſay,
I pray tell me your name?
Call me the ſleepy Merchant,
Call me the ſleepy Merchant,
Call me the ſleepy Merchant,
That would not ly my lane;
But ye ſeſh ben the cradle plaid,
And I will gie you a bra new ſaik,
Be ſure you dont let them ſee it,
Till I be frae the town.
For they'll mock you with the Merchant,
They'll mock you with the Merchant,
They'll mock you with the Merchant,

That lay with you yeſtreen.
Whan the breakfaſt it was by,
To her comerades ſhe did ſay,
Bra news I have to tell the day,
Gin the Merchant lad were gane,
For I hae gotten a bra new plaid,
Frae my merry Merchant lad,
Frae my merry Merchant lad,
That lay with me yeſtreen
When ſhe gade but to feſh it ben,
Behold what followed after heid,
She had nothing but the cradle plaid,
With the tows that tied the ſame,
Foul fa' ye for a Merchant
Thou art but a cheating Merchant,
Thou art but a cheating Merchant,
And might have lyen your lane.
But when nine months was come & gane
The Merchant he came back again,
And at the door as he ſtood bound,
He then began and ſang;
Mind ye upon the Merchant,
Mind ye upon the Merchant,
Mind ye upon the Merchant,
That would not ly his lane.
The laſſie ſhe ſat at her wheel,
I wat the tears came to her heel,

She up and to the door did rin,
Ha! ha! he's come again.
Here comes my merry Merchant,
Here comes my merry Merchant,
Here comes my merry merchant,
That would not ly his lane.
My bonny laſſie how may this be?
That ye are ſae blae beneath the eye,
That ye are ſae blae beneath the eye,
You have not lain your lane.
Fy do you mock the Merchant,
Fy do you mock the merchant,
Fy do you mock the Merchant,
And carries the pack on your wame.
But he took the laſſie by the hand,
And tied her up in wedlock's band,
And now ſhe is the merchant's wife,
And lives in Aberdeen.
And ſhe's married with the Merchant,
She is married with the Merchant,
She is married with the Merchant,
And need not ly her lane.

FINIS.

BRITISH MUSEUM 26 46 AUG